

# THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 30, 1830.

NO. 14.

From the Kennebec Journal.

Would ye force the Indian farther back,  
In the trackless western wild,  
Through the frowning forest, broad and black,  
From his native haunts exiled?

Say! shall they leave their childhood's home,  
And the banks of their sunny streams—  
Through the untrod waste outcast to roam,  
Where the panther's eye-ball gleams?

True, they are weak, and we are strong;  
With us vain were their might;  
Ere does their weakness make them wrong?  
Or is our strength our right?

Remember! once this fair domain  
Was theirs and theirs alone;  
Sole monarchs of the boundless plain,  
They feared the wrath of none.

From an eastern clime a feeble band  
Came to their peaceful shore;  
They craved a boon at the red man's hand—  
He shared with them his store.

He gave them shelter, fire and food,  
And soothed their lot forlorn;  
And then, instead of gratitude,  
He felt the white man's scorn.

O'er the fair land their hosts have gone—  
Sore fell their arm in wrath,  
Till scarce a single moccasin,  
Marks the red hunter's path.

Our homes are built upon the mounds  
Where the dead Indian lies;  
And o'er their forest hunting grounds  
Our lordly cities rise.

Their fathers sleep beneath the sod,  
Now by the white man press'd;  
Ere the Indian leaves the turf untrod,  
That guards the warrior's rest.

And ill do they bear to know the graves  
By them thus sacred held,  
Upturn'd by the shares of avarice's slaves,  
Are level'd with the field.

Then do not force them farther back,  
In the trackless western wild,  
Through the frowning forest, broad and black,  
From their native haunts exiled;

But spare—oh spare! the wasting race;  
Grant them in their homes again,  
A few short years—a little space—  
They'll mingle with the plain.

And be no more—but side by side  
They'll lie, and o'er the spot  
Will roll the white man's ceaseless tide,  
Where the Indian sleeps forgot.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

RAMBLES OF A NATURALIST.

No. 7.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

There are also many other species of the ichneumon flies, which deposits their eggs within the bodies of the cabbage caterpillar, and whose larvæ feed on the animal, while it is itself feeding; and when the ichneumons are about to change into their chrysalis state, they crawl out from within the body of the caterpillar, and weave themselves cases on his exterior surface, and eventually come forth flies of a very different species to those which undergo their final transformation within the body of the caterpillar. Even the spider itself is not exempt from the ravages of the ichneumon. A naturalist in England had taken a nest of spiders and eggs, and expected to have obtained from it a numerous brood of young spiders which he wanted as objects for his microscope. He however found himself disappointed; for instead of spiders, three ichneumon flies came forth, and not a single spider made its appearance. There is likewise a small fly whose larva is very destructive to the grains of wheat, and if not kept within

due limits by a species of ichneumon, its ravages would be dreadful; we should be deprived of that valuable staff of life, bread, and the whole human race would suffer. An instinct is given to this ichneumon to deposit its egg within the larvæ of the wheat fly, by which means that destructive species of ichneumon seems to be created for the purpose of keeping within due bounds the magpie moths, the caterpillars of which are so very destructive to the currant leaves, on which they feed. While the caterpillar of the moth is quietly feeding, this ichneumon perforates its back in a similar manner to those before described, within which it deposits its eggs. When the caterpillar ceases to feed, and goes into the chrysalis state, these eggs are hatched, and the caterpillars from them eat up the enclosed pupa of the moth. They then crawl out of the case, in number generally about thirty, to some little distance from it, and attaching themselves as one family, against a paling or wall, weave themselves small cases, and assume the pupa state; and in a short time they gnaw or cut open a curious kind of door in their cases, and come out perfect flies.

The same individual mentioned above, observing a particular species of ichneumon piercing the body of a cabbage caterpillar, took the caterpillar home and fed it. During its feeding it appeared very uneasy, frequently writhing about as if in agony, which no doubt was the case, as the little parasites having become excluded from their eggs, were feeding on the internal parts of the cabbage caterpillar. Shortly after, the ichneumon larvæ crawled out, wove themselves cases, and in a few days a variety of ichneumons issued forth, but not at the same time, several days elapsing before they all came out. The power of instinct was here likewise shewn in a remarkable manner by those little insects. Several of them were busily employed in running over the cases, and occasionally stopping and looking down on them; he examined them with a hand magnifier, and found they were watching the time of the others coming forth; he actually saw them very hard at work with their jaws, biting and separating the threads of the cases in order to set those within at liberty; this seemed to be a necessary act in many instances, as they appeared all anxiety until the whole was accomplished.

Many other circumstances similar to the last described, have been observed by others. The Caterpillars which have been pierced by the ichneumons, appeared always to be in pain from their writhing; and in general died in a few minutes after the larvæ had left the interior of their bodies; thus proving that the vital principle had been destroyed by the larvæ of the ichneumon previous to their quitting their insides.

In the Entomologist's Useful Companion it is stated that a Mr. Marshman observed the ichneumon in 1827 on the top of a post in Kensington Gardens. It moved rapidly along, having its antennæ bent in the form of an arch, and with a strong vibratory motion in it; it felt about until it came to a hole made by some insect into which it thrust them quite to the head; it remained about a minute in this situation, apparently very busy, and then drawing its antennæ out, came round to the opposite side of the hole, and repeated the same operation there; having now again withdrawn its antennæ it turned about, and dexterously measuring its distance, threw back its abdo-

men over its head, and projected the long and delicate tube at its tail into the hole; after remaining near two minutes in this position, it drew out the tube, turned round and again applied its antennæ to the hole for nearly the same time as before, and then again inserted its tube. This sight induced the observer to pay particular attention, and he found the insect was laying its eggs, apparently by piercing the solid wood, but in fact it was piercing the covering to a hole made by a mason wasp, where young wasps were deposited, and on which the young of the intruder would feed. I have not said the half that could be recited of the habits of the ichneumon flies, but lest your readers should get tired of the subject, I shall proceed in my next number to some other details.

KIRBY.

From the United States Gazette.

## THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

Every particular respecting the individual, who has so unexpectedly been elevated to the throne of France, has become particularly interesting; and the following extract from a letter from a gentleman of the first respectability in N. York to his friend in this city, will, therefore, not prove unacceptable to our readers:—

"In the case of the Duke of Orleans, there was a strange presentiment took possession of my mind that he would on a future day be on the throne of France. In the close of the year 1799 he and his brother the Duke of Montpensier and Count Beaujoli, came from the Havana and brought letters of introduction to me from you.

I had opportunities of showing them many civilities. The Duke was a very elegant young man and I was much delighted with him. There was dignity, tempered with mildness and a discretion in his conversation and conduct that constantly associated him in my mind with General George Washington; and I thought that Washington in his youth must have been such a person. Considering the unsettled situation of France at that period and knowing that the Duke was a favorite with the Republican party, having espoused their cause and fought gallantly with them at the battle of Genappe, it struck me forcibly, as the branch of the Bourbons, then driven from the throne, were odious to the Liberals, that the latter wearied and disgusted with their own dissensions, might eventually call the Duke to sway the sceptre under new restrictions.—This opinion I expressed repeatedly to my friends and have, since, often mentioned my prophecy, as I termed it, although it did not then appear likely it would be realized.

When Gen. Lafayette was last in this country I mentioned this to him, and he laughed and said that I was near becoming a true prophet:—for, he added, there was a time when, if the Duke had taken some bold steps, he would have been placed upon the throne; but, he observed, the Duke had such immense wealth that he perhaps was cautious of putting it in jeopardy.

I think, however, without any disparagement of the Duke's firmness, he might have hesitated to attempt to wrest the throne from his relative at the suggestion of even a respectable party of his countrymen; but would have no hesitation in risking all, as he has now done, on the entire fall and abdication of

this relative and at the call of his country, as recently and unanimously expressed.

After the Duke's return to Europe he remained sensible of my attentions to him; and both he and his brother wrote several times to me, expressing that remembrance in the kindest manner. And lo! my prediction is fulfilled; and the amiable but then unfortunate Duke, is verily KING OF THE FRENCH!"

In addition to the foregoing, we are informed that, whilst the Duke of O. and his brother remained at the Havana, they gained the good will of all classes of the people of that city. Among these, an elderly and wealthy lady, gave up her spacious mansion to them and supplied it and them with the most costly means of supporting the establishment; and on their departure presented to them the additional means of defraying the high expenses of, and making comfortable, their voyage; adding many other gifts of a very valuable nature. He and his brother frequently dined with and visited the American Consul (Mr. Morton) upon as sociable terms as if they were of an equality in condition; as in truth they the Princes then were, or if there were any difference to be considered, it was in favour of the friendly Consul himself!

FORTITUDE.—No man lives too long, who lives to do with spirit, and suffer with resignation, what Providence pleases to command or inflict.—*Ibid.*

## NIGHT ON THE GANGES—A SKETCH.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

How calm, how lovely, is the soft repose  
Of nature, sleeping in the summer night;  
How sweet, how lulling the current flows  
Beneath the stream of melted chrysolite,  
Where the broad Ganges spreads, reflecting o'er  
Its silvery surface, with those countless stars,  
The ingot gems of heaven's cerulean floor,  
Mosque, groves, and cliffs, and pinnacled minars.

The air is fresh, and yet the evening breeze  
Has died away—so hush'd, 'tis scarcely heard  
To breathe amid the clustering lemon trees,  
Whose snowy blossoms by its faint sighs stirred  
Give out their perfume—and the bulbul's notes  
Awake the echoes of the balmy clime,  
While from yon marble-domed pagoda floats  
The music of its bells, soft silver chime.

Mildly, yet with resplendent beauty, shines  
The scene around, although the stars alone  
From the bright treasures of their gleaming mines,  
A tender radiance o'er the earth has thrown.  
Oh! far more lovely are those gentle rays  
With their calm lustre, than the fiery beam  
The sun pours down in his meridian blaze,  
Lightning with diamond pomp the dazzling stream.

No tint is lost amid those mantling leaves:  
There smiles the glossy peep—the bamboo  
Its bright and vivid coloring receives,  
And the broad plantain keeps its tender hue.  
Beneath the towering mosque and graceful mbut,  
Revealed beside the green hills' deepest shade.

With snowy vases crowned, the lily springs  
In queen-like beauty by the river's brink,  
And o'er the wave the bright-leaved lotus flings  
Its roseate flowers in many a knotted link.  
Oh! when the sultry sun has sunk to rest,  
When evening's soft and tender shadows rise,  
How sweet the scene upon the river's breast,  
Lit by the starlight of these tropic skies.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

## TO MISS H. M.

There needs not that lip, though sweet music be in it,  
To tell me thy bosom is gentleness' shrine;  
For I saw all thy soul in the very first minute  
I met the soft light of that blue eye of thine.

I praise not thy cheek, though in beauty not wanting,  
I praise not thy brow, though thy ringlets are there;  
'Tis the grace of the heart renders thee so enchanting,  
And makes me forget that thy form is so fair.



FOR THE ARIEL  
**REMEMBER ME.**

Remember me when morning light  
Glow's o'er the eastern sky—  
Emblem of friendship, pure and bright,  
Which bids the clouds of sorrow's night  
Before its radiance fly.

When dewy twilight's misty shade  
Obscures day's cheering glow,  
Think, if thy earthly hopes shall fade,  
Whose heart and hand would give thee aid,  
Whose tears lament thy woe.

Think of me, when life's vexing cares  
Around thee closely press—  
Think of the friend whose bosom shares,  
Alike thy sorrows, joys, and fears—  
Whose wish thy lot would bless.

Remember me when errors lure,  
Perchance, thy steps astray—  
Think of the love that would endure  
Undeviating, firm, and pure,  
Even in its hope's decay!

And think of me, when heartless smiles  
And joyless mirth are near;  
Remember, pleasure that beguiles  
Is falsest in her gayest wiles,  
If friendship is not there.

Remember me, if e'er thy heart  
By perfidy should bleed—  
Should malice plan her work of art,  
Should friends forsake thee and depart,  
Even in thy utmost need;

Then think of me, in every hour  
Of joy or misery—  
My friendship, like that votary flower,  
That courts the sun, with swerveless power,  
Still, ever turns to thee. STELLA.

**HISTORICAL.****DEATH OF LORD NELSON.**

From Southey's *Life of the Hero*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the Redoubtable, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thrice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes!" he replied; "my back bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately:—then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.—The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipman's berth. It was soon perceived upon examination that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Capt. Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemon-

ade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory huzza'd; and at every huzza, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Capt. Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me! He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him.—They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment.—"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast:—It will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging me." Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied: "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Capt. Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him; and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone; I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,"—putting his hand on his left side,—"*which tells me so.*" And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great?" he replied, "So great that he wished he was dead. Yet" said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under tone, he added, "What would become of my poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Capt. Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken, he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly: but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings, "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty."—Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you Hardy." And Hardy then left him—forever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death

was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty." These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, above fifty of the Victory's men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizentop of the Redoubtable. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound: he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quartermaster had seen him fire; and easily recognised him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quartermaster and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the Victory's poop;—the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop.—But the old quartermaster, as he cried out, "That's he—that's he," and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead.—Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top.—When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizentop, and found him dead; with one ball through his head, and another through his breast. \* \* \*

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end; the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honor; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed, would have wakened the church-bells, have given schoolboys a holyday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas.

A would-be literary publican in London, has a printed paper in his window with the following assertion—"The world taken in here"—He must indeed be a successful practitioner. We presume he means the World newspaper.

**THE WEST INDIES.**

I do not tell the reader that people go to balls night after night, or even week after week, in the tropics, with impunity. Many a man, by dancing, drinking, and dissipation, has provoked the attack of that which has effectually prevented him from dancing, drinking, or dissipating more. Many a young and fairy being, many a lovely, innocent, and always smiling creature has gained in the merry dance, in that exhilarating whirl, which fills her eye with animation and her heart with joyfulness, that which has borne her, in her beauty and her bloom, away to an early grave. The diseases of the Western Isles leave the invalid but little time for penitence or reflection. In the short space of three days, the fever which rages in the brain and burns in the blood of the victim is either defeated and defied by the hardy vigor of a young and healthy constitution, or extinguished by the cold and clammy touch of death. To-day I dine with the strong and healthy; to-morrow I follow him to his home of homes. The grim skeleton however, is usually kinder to the old inhabitants than to the new comers. It is the seasoning fever that does the work of death. It is this that the afflicted father curses with the curse so bitterness; over this does the mother mourn in the tenderness of her grief. But I have seen a hundred of the aged who have passed their grand climacterics. Sixty, seventy, eighty, yea an hundred years have passed over their hoary heads, and yet they show no signs of dying. They live on in the hardihood of their health, in spite of the sighing of their relatives and the impatience of their heirs.—And I have seen the young too, the young, the beautiful, the brave; they came in the pride of health; they were flowers that promised long to blossom in their beauty; they were gay, and innocent, and joyous, wild as the air they breathed, unthinking as the earth they trod on, beloved by their relatives, admired by their friends, and triumphing in the prospect of happiness; and happiness was theirs, and they enjoyed it. And a week passed away, a week of pleasure, the dissipated pleasure of the world; but it passed soon in its blissfulness, and then came fever, and it seized them with its burning grasp; and disease, and it breathed upon them the breath of corruption; and a phantom, a grim, gaunt, gloomy, grinning phantom, and it touched them with the withering hand of death. So the flowers were blased in the loveliness of their bloom, and they young in the elasticity of their youthfulness and the beautiful in the pride of their beauty, and the brave in the vanity of their courage. They were conveyed to their last homes, and their parents wept for them a season, a short season, and relatives mourned for them a while, a little while, and their friends missed them for a day or two.—After this came pleasure, hand in hand with oblivion; and the dance and the festival were resumed, and the worms feasted on the buried and the men forgot them in their gaiety. In all this there is a deep and impressive warning; but it is a warning that is not heeded.—I was in Grenada when the scarlet fever was pursuing its ravages, and there such scenes were of every day occurrence; indeed, I believe their frequency deprived them of their effect. In the West Indies custom reconciles us to the sight of death, as it does in England to the sight of misery. And yet that same fever, I mean the scarlet, is a terrible enemy to wrestle with, and there are few who survive the combat. In the West Indies, however, any fever is bad enough, and I think the seasoner is as bad as any. I had one in Barbadoes that thinned and weakened me; another in St. Vincent, and a third in Grenada that nearly killed me. This fever attacked me one morning after a dance of my own, and two or three after the entertainment given by the governor. It was the dissipation of these two nights, and two more besides, that had fairly knocked me up; and it was my father who, in a great fright, sent for a doctor to recover me. Now, next to the approach of death and



the devil himself, I do shudder at the forthcoming of a doctor. Let him be physician, surgeon, apothecary, or apprentice, equally doth he terrify me with his prescriptions. My fancy teemeth with pills, and the payment for them; with visits, (guinea visits,) vexations, and vital air; with blisters, boluses, and the bile; with hot waters, bleeding, and Gil Blas-isms, the very thought of the remedy is to me worse than the disease. But the doctor came, tho', and there was no help for it; and he felt my beating pulse, and said it went very quick; and my burning forehead, and pronounced it very hot; and my palpitating heart; and told me there was a lady in the case; whereat I muttered, "God forbid!" and gave him a guinea for his pains and his penetration.—*Four Years in the West Indies.*

From the Canton Register.

We have much pleasure in predicting the melioration, which the foreign society here are likely to attain by its departure from that unsocial restriction, which has hitherto prevented females of every other country from visiting Canton. There are now several ladies here, residing with their families, and although no addition may now be made to their number, as the hot weather is fast approaching, when Macao becomes a more suitable climate for their abode, we hope that next year the system may be adopted more universally, and lead to sociality, and the general improvement of the society of the place.

*Customs.*—It was announced, in a Canton paper, the other day, that the infant son of a man of rank, had attained the age of one complete month. This intimation is a signal, both among rich and poor, for kindred and friends to offer congratulations, and send presents; such as rings for the wrists, and for the ankles; red vests, fruit, money, &c. Every one sends something according to his ability. The father, to recompense his friends, prepares a feast, and invites them to drink wine. However rich the banquet may be, hen's eggs and duck's eggs, dyed red, are an indispensable part of the entertainment. Also ginger steeped in a sour liquid. After drinking is finished—for drinking is, in Chinese phraseology, always the designation of a banquet,—after drinking, says the native writer, is ended, each guest takes home with him three or four of the red eggs, and a bit of the ginger, that he also may have a son added to his family.

*Chinese Characteristics of one who will assuredly come to Poverty:*—And who is to blame if a man makes himself poor!—Going to bed early and getting up late—having a field and a garden, and never attending to them—wasting provisions—Making a great many fine things; feeding idle people; subscribing largely to religious processions and dramatic performances, i. e., giving largely to the Church and the playhouse; fond of lounging and idling about; being over parsimonious; buying antiques and useless curiosities; fond of making alterations; taking pleasure in changes of residence; imitating the external show of rich people; ambitious of high and noble acquaintances: giving large marriage portions to daughters; frequent fires and robberies occasioned by carelessness; fond of laying out gardens and building pavilions; associating with Mandarins; indecision, and believing every cheat; teaching boys for the stage; spending time with gamesters; brothers and sisters constantly quarrelling; living at great expense; making it a constant study to please the appetite; however stupid, being pleased with flattery.—The characteristics of a very happy man are—contentment; constant ease and pleasure in his own mind; treating every one, whether high or low, with humility and complaisance—not usurping a benefit, but yielding a convenience or advantage to another; not meddling with many affairs; when speaking to others, never crying about

his own poverty, nor telling his own distresses.

Long life is easily attained, says a Chinese writer. It depends entirely on a man's taking care of himself. Some say the ancients had stronger constitutions than the moderns, and therefore more of them were long lived. But those who affirm this seem to be ignorant that there are a great many moderns, who attain a good old age. I knew Le Yinglin, who was 114 years of age; and Seu-ching-fang, and Hoo-jo-heen, both of whom were upwards of 100. To be eighty and ninety years of age is quite common. I am quite sure long life depends on a man's own care, and it is not at all the case that the constitution of moderns is unequal to that of the ancients. But, if strong and robust men indulge themselves in excess, how can long life be secured to them! Generally speaking, long life depends on two rules. The first is to preserve a benevolent liberal heart; and the other is, whether rising or at rest, to secure nourishment and nursing for the body.

Whoever preserves a benevolent and liberal heart, may be sure of long life; whilst he who is malignant and stingy; shortens his own years. The Chinese figurative word for liberal is thick; for stingy, thin: hence the following illustration:—For example, in former times, people always wished porcelain to be made thick and strong, lest an accidental fall should break it. Hence, the old porcelain, being thick and strong, has been handed down for many generations. But the modern porcelain never pleases unless it be made very thin: the thinner it is the more it is esteemed: so that there is no occasion for a fall to break it, an incautious firm grasp will break it. This is a mirror in which you may see the cause of durability. Let there be a benevolent thick (liberal) heart always exercised in kindness and mercy; never allowing itself to do any thing malignant, stingy, or vicious; a heart that would not hurt even an insect or an ant, and this will constitute the root of longevity. Gods and demons will add their protection and care. And, if in addition to the above, you nurse well your body, long life will be certain to you.

From the Boston Centinel.

#### METROPOLITAN MELODIES.

##### THE MILITIA MAN'S SONG.

Oh! it is grand to steal away  
From common things of earth,  
To give the soul's wild breathings vent,  
The struggling spirit birth.  
'Tis grand to revel in the light  
Which glides the soldier's plume,  
To feel beneath its influence  
The sunken fire illumine.

I bless thy coming, Autumn Star,  
Though thy brown hills disclose  
But golden showers of falling leaves  
With every wind that blows.  
October, best October, thou  
Art welcome thrice to me,  
For 'neath thy skies I feel the glow—  
The thrill of chivalry.

For me thy skies, delicious month,  
Put on thy brightest blue,  
As though in splendor deck'd to meet  
The Great Brigade Review.  
I hurry from my stifled shop,  
From busy workmen's hum,  
And rush to meet the welcome tramp,  
The soul-inspiring drum.

Ye'll never curl the lip at me,  
When ranged before me stand,  
All breathless at my majesty,  
The men of my command,  
With shiny gun and neat canteen  
And bayonet and sword,  
And knap sack snug and drinking can  
Obedient to my word.

There's glory in the fierce sham fight,  
When vollied thunder rolls,  
When burst the bloodless cartridges  
To fright feigned freemen's souls;  
When children gape in wonder dumb,  
And all the world confess  
There is a charm in officers,  
A splendor in their dress.

Yes—fling the painted standard high:  
Let autumn sunlight rest,  
With all its rosy splendor, on  
The silken color's breast.  
And bear yourselves like gallant knights,  
And bear your muskets straight,  
And hurry on, ye warlike men,  
They form the line at eight.

F. A. D.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

##### BEEES.

A Mr. Nutt, of Moulton chapel (Eng.) has invented a new species of bee hive, which obviates the necessity of killing the bees in order to obtain the honey, and also exposes all their operations to the eye of the beholder. The London Register of Arts for May contains a communication from Mr. N. on this subject, of which the following is an extract.

"The Grand object of this machine is to expose to public view the inside labor of the bees in the cottage hive. The beautiful appearance of these insects is one that excites admiration and surprise, and is capable of enlivening the drooping spirits of the most desponding mind, on viewing the sovereign queen of bees constantly propagating her young—her thousands of loyal subjects, whose indefatigable labor in all its parts is so conspicuous, that not a single cell can be constructed in secret. The great regularity, the neatness and cleanliness of these beautiful insects, also their assiduous exertions for mutual aid and benefit, cannot fail to convince every discerning mind of the great absurdity of their annual destruction. You may as well dig up the root of the most valuable fig-tree to gain possession of its fruit, as to destroy the hive for the sake of its honey. The receptacles having been ventilated, cause the propagating queen of bees to confine herself to the warm temperature of her pavilion, which causes her loyal subjects to fill the glass receptacles with the crystal drops, flowing in profusion, before the curious observer of their much admired works. These noble insects' indefatigable labors alone should soften our feelings, and demand from us their lives, in return for their treasures: these they give as pure as the crystal stream, by the influence of ventilation.—Why, reader, would thou lay the axe to the foot of the tree that produces good fruit? had thou not better gather the fruit from its pure branches and let the root live. Watch the influence of the machine before you, and you will discover its true effects; you will behold the tree of life—its branches putting forth the pure sweets, with the pleasing reflection of its possession by a momentary act of humanity, a single touch of the machine will immediately divide their labor, even at the most vigorous time of their gathering season, without danger or trouble to the operator.

It is a rational idea, and wants only common reflection. He that has been a father, or she that has been a kind mother, knows the desire of their children. Take the lovely offspring from the mother's protection and imprison the same before her eyes—will she not impatiently cry aloud for its liberty? and will not the child's screams return her affection? and, when liberty is proclaimed, consolation quickly follows, with the lost child once more under its mother's care.

The same is demonstrated by the mother of the hive when turning off the honey from the pavilion. The sovereign queen of bees who loves her offspring, and constantly lives in harmonious concord and affection, cannot endure separation from them—her subjects loving her in return; and when they are divided only for a few minutes, we see in the hive a momentary change of their labor, and sorrow and lamentation is seen and heard amongst them—the mother calling for her lost children,—they, her children, anxious to be released in return; and as soon as an opportunity presents itself, which shortly after takes place, no sooner are they at home, and in a few minutes tranquility is found, and happiness is restored to the once unhappy mother of the hive, her subjects surround her throne, and their recent prison visibly becomes their palace, and a magazine of treasure, which the humane manager is entitled to."

"To works of Nature join the works of Man,  
To shew by Art, improv'd, what Nature can.  
Nature's great efforts can no further tend;  
Here fix'd her pillars, all her labors end."

#### REMINISCENCE.

BY JAMES MILLER.

Come sit with me, my true wife!  
Beside our cottage door;  
And as upon our upturned brows  
The life-warm sunbeams pour,  
We will look back with grateful hearts  
O'er youthful days once more.

O'er years that long have faded,  
Like toil-ascended hill  
On gaze of way-worn journeyer,  
Whose step is onward still;  
And we will rest by pleasant spots,  
As he rests by the rill.

By well remembered brook sides,  
And under hallowed bowers,  
Aye hallowed by the treasured thoughts,  
That bloom there like sweet flowers;  
That bloom and breathe, as when our youth  
Flung o'er them pearly showers.

Like bees with honey laden,  
On summer's gales of balm,  
When morning hours went riding by,  
And evening's starry calm;  
And all our thoughts were hopes and thanks,  
And life a shadeless charm.

Then we had fair companions—  
Bright Fancy and Romance;  
The one, like sky-lark started up  
By morning's crimson glance;  
The other, fervent hearted, pure,  
As vestal's holy trance.

As young, devoted vestals,  
That watch the sacred fires,  
Till every sound seems breathed above,  
By voice of seraph choirs;  
And night's deep, solemn stillness, full  
With thrills of heavenly lyres.

And so Romance, we knew thee,  
In all our peaceful ways;  
And met thee in the high-arched wood,  
And where the brooklet strays,  
Through summer's star-embroidered nights,  
And autumn's sun-robed days.

And thou didst give our spirits,  
Such earnest reach of thought,  
And to such fervency of joy  
Our swelling bosoms wrought,  
That cloud, or stream, or waving wood,  
With rich delight was fraught.

'Twas then, dear lute-voiced Fancy,  
Thy sweet enchantment rose,  
And wreathing over earth and sky,  
Decked all with fairy shows;  
Pouring forth music, as the stream  
Through jewel-caves that flows.

Thus with those fair companions  
We trod the hills of life,  
Communing with all bright and good,  
Of joy and beauty rife;  
And shall we not turn back once more,  
My own beloved wife?

The shades of years are falling  
Along that brow of thine,  
Within those rich and holy eyes  
They dim the happy shine,  
And I may feel their wintry chill  
Creep o'er this heart of mine.

Then back to by-past fountains,  
Mid old companions dear,  
Turn we, their hallowed wood and bowers  
May yet be waving near;  
While from the urns of memory  
We fill our cups of cheer.

##### SONG.

Fare thee well!—If this be only  
As a lightly spoken word,  
Wherefore should the heart be lonely,  
Like a mate-forsaken bird?  
If its meaning be not deeper  
Than its simple sound would seem,  
Wherefore should it haunt the sleeper,  
Like a murmur in his dream!

Lowly was the cold word spoken,  
With a pale and trembling lip—  
When the chance of earth had broken  
On our early fellowship.  
Pale, the stars were bending o'er us,  
Emblems of thy rarer charms—  
And the streamlet ran before us,  
With the moonlight in its arms!

Sadly, with a tear-drop starting  
From the fringing eye-lid forth,  
Like a summoned angel parting  
With a weary son of earth,  
Still in slumber I behold thee,  
Even as we parted there—  
But the arms that would enfold thee,  
Clasp the cold and vacant air!

Quiet is thy place of sleeping,  
In a brighter clime than ours—  
Where the island-plum is keeping  
Watch above thy funeral flowers;  
And a tall magnolia lingers  
Near thee, with its snowy blossom,  
That the breeze, like love's own fingers,  
Scatters o'er thy sleeping bosom.

Fare thee well!—my heart is near thee—  
And its love is still as deep,  
While the soul can see and hear thee,  
In the dreamy hour of sleep;  
Dear one—be thy blessings o'er me,  
And thy sinless spirit given,  
As an angel guide before me,  
Leading upward unto Heaven!



### MEDITATIONS ON A BEREAVED LOVER ON THE SEA SHORE.

'Tis the sweet hour of Eve, when all  
Is bright above, and calm below;  
When, save the wretched, none recall  
That earth is but the home of woe.  
Some look upon the dark blue sea,  
Some on the glistening eye of love,—  
I look for thee.

'Tis twilight, and the plaintive bird  
Wild warbles through the dark'ning wood;  
And there her sweetest notes are heard  
By those who love such solitude;  
While others list the jovial cry  
That, echoing o'er the tranquil sea,  
Bespeaks the home-bound vessel nigh;  
I list for thee.

Or if upon the passing crowd  
I gaze, what bitter thoughts have birth!  
Yet not from laughter long and loud—  
I know the heartlessness of mirth;  
But there is one whose open brow  
Reveals a spirit calm and free;  
Ah! why should mine be troubled now?  
I think of thee.

I too can gaze on earth and sea,  
Hear the bird's note, the maiden's voice;  
But none can whisper peace to me,  
None bid my wither'd heart rejoice.  
O when shall calmer thoughts have birth?  
It hath not been—it cannot be—  
Till thou once more return to earth,  
Or I to thee.

### LITERARY.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

**THE ANNUALS.**—Winter has its inconveniences, but like drowning, it has its pleasures too; cheerful firesides, and long, social evenings, and sleigh-rides, and the Annuals. Of these last, we have already announced the receipt of *THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR*, and a large portion of *THE TOKEN*, for 1831. As yet, we have had leisure only to read them "with the thumb," as Napoleon used to say, and to bestow just three-quarters of a minute upon each of the engravings; for which reason, we shall not at present undertake to criticise minutely, and forewarn our readers that we shall not hold ourselves bound, by any thing we may say on this occasion, but take leave to advance any opinion hereafter, however opposite, if, on a more careful examination, we shall discover any reason for a change of sentiment. To begin, then, with the *Atlantic Souvenir*, as being the first that came into our possession: and firstly, of the engravings. These are twelve in number, and are generally creditable to the artists whose burins have been engaged upon them. The best among them are "The Shipwreck," engraved by Ellis, from an English print: "Infancy," by Kelly, from a picture of Sir Thomas Lawrence; "The Marchioness of Carmarthen," by Illman and Pilbrow; and "Morning among the Hills," engraved by Hatch, from a painting by Doughty. In the first of these prints we think Mr. Ellis has done himself justice—the lights and shades are skillfully managed, and the lining is more bold and free than is usual with him. "Infancy" is copied from an English print, but an exceedingly good one—the attitude of the laughing child is full of grace and spirit, and the foreshortening of the leg is admirable. It strikes us, however, that there is something deficient in the face, as indeed is almost universally the case with small American prints. In this particular, the English artists far surpass ours. The portrait of the Marchioness of Carmarthen is the only mezzotint in the volume, and does great credit to the artists—the expression and likeness are well preserved, and the only fault that we have to find is, that the whole picture is too dark, which may, however, be the fault of the printer. "Morning among the Hills" is a sweetly engraved print, and is worthy of the reputation and skill of Hatch.

Among the prose contributions, we have been particularly pleased with Giles Heatherby, the Free Trader; a Tale of the Chesapeake, by Godfrey Wallace; The Eve of St. Andrew, by J. K. Paulding; and the First-born, by Richard Penn Smith. There is also

much very respectable poetry; as a fair specimen of which, we copy the hymn of the Cherokee Indian, by I. McLellan, junr.

### THE HYMN OF THE CHEROKEE INDIAN.

BY I. J. McLELLAN, JUNR.

Like the shadows in the stream,  
Like the evanescent gleam  
Of twilight's falling blaze,  
Like the fleeting years and days,  
Like the things that soon decay,  
Pass the Indian tribes away.

Indian son, and Indian sire!  
Lo! the embers of your fire,  
On the wigwam hearth burn low,  
Never to revive its glow;  
And the Indian's heart is ailing,  
And the Indian's blood is failing.

Now the hunter's bow's unbent,  
And his arrows all are spent!  
Like a very little child,  
Is the red man of the wild;  
To his day they'll dawn no morrow,  
Therefore is he full of sorrow.

From his hills the stag is fled,  
And the fallow deer are dead,  
And the wild beasts of the chase  
Are a lost and perish'd race,  
And the birds have left the mountain,  
And the fishes, the clear fountain.

Indian woman! to thy breast  
Closer let thy babe be prest,  
For thy garb is thin and old,  
And the winter wind is cold,  
On thy homeless head it dashes,  
Round thee the grim lightning flashes.

We, the rightful lords of yore,  
Are the rightful lords no more,  
Like the silver mist we fail,  
Like the red leaves in the gale,  
Fail like shadows, when the dawning  
Waves the bright flag of the morning.

By the river's lonely marge,  
Rotting is the Indian's barge;  
And his hut is ruin'd now,  
On the rocky mountain brow;  
The father's bones are all neglected  
And the children's hearts dejected.

Therefore, Indian people, flee  
To the farthest western sea;  
Let us yield our pleasant land  
To the stranger's stronger hand;  
Red men, and their realms must sever,  
They forsake them, and for ever!

The number of plates in the *Token* is, we believe, intended to be the same as those of the *Souvenir*, but the specimen that we have received, being imperfect, contains only eight—of these the best are 1st, "Just Seventeen," engraved by Cheney, from a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence—a beautiful picture, and excellently well engraved, except the hand and neck, the former of which is out of drawing, and the latter scratches. 2nd, "American Scenery," by Ellis, from a picture of Cole's; this is very good, except the foreground, which is hard and indistinct; and 3rd, "Isabel," by Danforth, painted by Newton—admirable, equal to any English print. Among the stories of the *Token*, we have read with great pleasure the *Haunted Quack*, by Joseph Nicholson—The *Village Musician*, by James Hall, and *The Adventurer*, by John Neal—all these stories are distinguished for clearness and purity of style, and for a playful and delicate humor, which is highly amusing. The latter conveys a sharp satire withal, and we strongly suspect the lash is not undeserved. From the poetry, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of selecting the following beautiful lines by the Editor of the *Token*.

### LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY S. C. GOODRICH.

"Father of Lakes!" thy waters bend  
Beyond the eagle's utmost view,  
When throned in heaven, he sees thee send  
Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep the forests weave  
Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,  
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave  
Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale Silence, mid thy hollow caves,  
With listening ear in sadness broods,  
Or startled Echo, o'er thy waves  
Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes that glide  
Across thy breast like things of air,  
Chase from thy lone and level tide,  
The spell of stillness, reigning there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,  
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,  
That, breathing o'er each rock and cave,  
To all a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak, that flings  
Its grisly arms athwart the sky;  
A sudden, startling image brings  
To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarled and braided boughs, that show  
Their dim forms in the forest shade,  
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw  
Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes round this shore  
Have caught a strange and gibbering tone,  
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,  
Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the Wilderness, adieu!  
Adieu ye Rock, ye Wilds and Woods!  
Roll on, thou Element of Blue,  
And fill these awful solitudes!

Thou hast no tale to tell of Man,  
God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves,  
Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan  
Deems as a bubble all thy waves!

We have attempted but in vain to bring our mind to some conclusion as to the relative merits of the two volumes. Indeed, it is scarcely possible that there should be any great difference between them, as the contributors to both are for the most part the same persons—the same names meet us at almost every page, and we know that equal care and pains are lavished in the getting up of both. No expense of time or money is spared—and the result could hardly be other than it is—the production of two charming volumes, both beautiful, both well worth having, and both honorable to the taste, skill, and enterprise of their Editors and publishers.

### THOMSON.

From the Aldine Edition of the British Poets.

The subjoined extracts appear in Mr. Pickering's edition of *British Poets*; they are now given to the world for the first time.

The following effusion to Sir William Bennett is supposed to be one of Thomson's earliest productions, and written before he was sixteen.

My trembling muse your honor does address—  
That it's a bold attempt most humbly I confess;  
If you'll encourage her young fagging flight,  
She'll upwards soar and mount Parnassus' height.

If little things with great may be compared,  
In Rome it so with the divine Virgil fared;  
The tuneful bard Augustus did inspire,  
Made his great genius flash poetic fire;  
But if upon my flight your honour frowns,  
The muse folds up her wings, and dying—justice owns.

The pruning of the muse's wing before the flights that spread her flying fame upon the earth, is always an object of interest; and the above is little more. The following song to Amanda has higher claims.

Come, dear Amanda, quit the town,  
And to the rural hamlets fly;  
Behold! the wintry storms are gone;  
A gentle radiance glads the sky.

The birds awake, the flowers appear,  
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;

'Tis joy and music all we hear,  
'Tis love and beauty all we see.

Come let us mark the gradual spring,  
How peeps the bud, the blossom blows;  
'Till Philomel begins to sing,  
And perfect May to swell the rose.

Even so thy rising charms improve,  
As life's warm season grows more bright;  
And opening to the sighs of love,  
Thy beauties glow with full delight.

Amanda was a Miss Elizabeth Young, afterwards the wife of Vice Admiral John Campbell, whom Thomson was prevented from soliciting to unite her fate with his, in consequence of the want of fortune. We like the gentle pity of the subjoined Stanzas, written by Thomson on the blank leaf of his *Seasons*, sent by him to Mr. Lyttleton, soon after the death of his wife.

Go, little book, and find our friend,  
Who nature and the Muses loves,  
Whose cares the public virtues blend  
With all the softness of the groves.

A fitter time thou canst not choose,  
His fostering friendship to repay;  
Go then, and try, my rural muse,  
To steal his widow'd hours away.

From the Boston Palladium

**BITE OF A RATTLESNAKE.**—Mr. Dunlap, one of the keepers of the New England Museum, in the act of rousing the den of Rattlesnakes, which are there exhibited, in connexion with the thousand and one wonders of that establishment, on Tuesday afternoon, met with a very alarming accident. Having introduced a feather brush, by raising the lid about an inch, and getting them sufficiently roused to set their rattles going like the buzz of a cotton factory,—a bystander at his elbow asked him a question which he did not precisely understand, & turned his head towards the gentleman,—and at the same instant, one of the largest snakes ran his head through the opening, and thrust his fangs into the little finger of his right hand, with such prodigious force, as to reach the bone at one of the punctures.

The sufferer had presence of mind enough to cord the finger immediately; in a short time an excision of the flesh, including the wounds, was made by a physician, who also prescribed a dose of spirits of turpentine and sweet oil. Not only the finger, but the whole hand, swelled exceedingly, accompanied with a prickling sensation,—or, as commonly termed, the sensation of being asleep.

About eight o'clock in the evening, there was a partial stricture about the lungs, and difficulty of taking a free inspiration, together with the prickling sensation over the whole system, and an ague fit, that gave fearful indications of a free diffusion of the poison thro' the circulation.

A large dose of opium relieved the patient of the spasm—and a continued use of it has probably overcome the tendency to such paroxysms. An application of salt and vinegar, constantly applied to the hand and arm, has kept the inflammation under subjection. The limb is still very much swollen,—the tongue coated, and a slight degree of fever exists, but a happy recovery is fully anticipated.

We have been particular in the narration of this case for the benefit of others—hoping that the mode of treatment, so successful, may be adopted by other sufferers. It should be recollected, that caustic was inserted, as soon as the flesh was cut out.

Within two or three weeks, Mr. Dunlap put a rat into the den, on purpose to witness the result. Nearly every snake gave the affrighted animal a thrust with its fangs. In about six minutes, the rat began to tremble violently and died instantly.

The way, according to Socrates, to obtain a good reputation, is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear. Men should be what they seem."



## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 30.

We copy the following letter from the American Sentinel of last week—

Copy of a letter from the Count of Surveilliers, to ———, an officer formerly serving in the republican and imperial armies of France.

POINT BREEZE, 14th Sept. 1830.

SIR:—I received the letter by which you offer to accompany me to Europe, should circumstances call me there. Duty alone can induce me to quit this country. My device, like that of my brother Napoleon, is *all for the French people*. I therefore do not consider myself bound by any thing but duty towards the nation. I have no right to exercise, either in my own name or that of my nephew. Government is a want of the people; to be created or destroyed by them according to its usefulness; and I am resigned to conform to the national will lawfully expressed. You know that three millions five hundred thousand suffrages called my family to the Empire, at a time when foreigners had no influence in France. You may well suppose that I cannot without pusillanimity fail to recollect that my nephew, the son of my brother, was proclaimed by the Deputies in 1815; that my brother the Emperor, abdicated on that condition alone; that nothing but foreign bayonets on two occasions, restored the Bourbons, and protected the execution of so many of the illustrious defenders of their country.

I should have set off already, if I did not see among the national names of the members of the provisional government, that of a prince with which mine never can have any thing in common; being satisfied that any Bourbon, whatever may be the branch to which he belongs, cannot suit my country. I have often told you that the only family in France, which the nation will not choose, and cannot like, is the Bourbons. If that family loved France, and was aware of the eternal divorce between them, it would have long ago, renounced the throne. That divorce had been sealed by blood enough, both French and foreign, during 25 years, without any necessity of exposing the family to be the cause of shedding the blood of the citizens of Paris under the mercenary steel of Swiss.

The great trial of the revolution is not yet determined. The Emperor Napoleon thought that blood enough had been spilt in the interior of France, and wished to close every wound. He threw the country open to all those whom he deemed as tired of civil war as he was; adjourning the complete freedom of the nation till a general peace, when he should no longer need immense, dictatorial power, with which to make head against the united forces of Europe, incessantly excited by the rivalry of England, and the oligarchy of its ministry. He wished to put an end to the revolution, and offered himself as mediator in France, as moderator in Europe. England constrained him by the wars she perpetually raised, to those conquests which she denounced as excesses, though she alone was answerable for them; and concluded by crushing in France all the fruit of thirty years of heroism and victory, by imposing the family of the good old times on a regenerated nation.

As long as there is any question in France of a branch of that family, I will stay where I am. My family never desired civil war, and does not now. Should the nation declare for a Republic, you know my sentiments. They are of long standing. Happy the people among whom I might make this application without danger. You remember what I often said to the Spaniards. "You will never have as much liberty as I should like to give you.—But you must be able to bear it; time is a necessary element in every thing."

Assurances are given that our youth have made great progress towards republican opin-

ions. Doubtless government is a remedy for an evil. Happy the country wise enough to do without it. We perceive scarcely any traces of it in the happy country where we have so long resided. But is that a state suitable to France? Is it not the irritation caused by the absurd pretensions of the government that has weighed it down for fifteen years, which has roused that generous youth beyond perhaps what will suit the rest of their fellow citizens at present, and the tranquility of France and Europe.

A third hypothesis remains; that of my being called upon by honor, by duty, by what I owe to France emancipated, and to Napoleon the second, to the son of a brother whom I ought to love and respect more than any other person whatever, because I knew him from infancy better than any one else, and I am sure of the sincerity of his feelings and opinions.—When dying on the rock of Saint Helena, he charged me through General Bertrand's pen to let his son govern himself by my advice; never, above all, to let him forget that he is a Frenchman; to let him give France as much liberty as his father gave her equality; and let him adopt for his device, *all for the French people*.

I have positive assurances that Napoleon the second, in spite of fortune, is as good a Frenchman as you or I, and will be worthy of his father and of France. I am your affectionate,  
JOSEPH NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,  
(Count of Surveilliers.)

Remarks.—We have always been accustomed to regard the writer of the above letter as a gentleman of sound sense and sufficient discretion. In retiring from the scenes of European ambition, and fixing his residence among a republican people, we thought we perceived an inclination to relinquish for ever the futile dreams of political grandeur which might have been excited by the brief prosperity of Napoleon. But it would seem that he really has had his mind fixed upon France, with a view to the future restoration of the Bonaparte dynasty; and he is displeased, forsooth, because the late decisive change of rulers in that country has not led to the accomplishment of those unreasonable hopes. Alas! for human pride and self-complacency! Here is an individual who happens to be the brother of a successful military adventurer—a man of splendid genius, unquestionably, but still a man who made his way to the throne by a military force, and reigned by the power of the sword—coming before the public with a whining epistle about disregarded family rights pertaining to his most illustrious nephew, and by implication disparaging the most glorious event that ever adorned the pages of history. It is even so: the ex-King of Spain can look with ill-suppressed dissatisfaction upon a revolution brighter than any that the world has produced, merely because that nation has overlooked the claims of that distinguished person, the son of Napoleon!—a youth of no experience at all, and a thousand chances to one, of very slender capacity.

It is time that the monarchs and monarchists of the world should learn to understand the spirit of the age, and acquire wisdom from the lessons of experience. The idea of *hereditary rights* to rule over the nations, is daily and hourly diminishing in the world; and the right of the governed to select their governors, is a doctrine which is as rapidly gaining the approbation of mankind. Wherever there are facilities for the propagation of opinion, the natural tendency is towards freedom; its march can no longer be arrested; and the man must indeed be purblind who cannot perceive with confidence its ultimate and universal predominance.

The late unparalleled revolution in France is an emphatic illustration of this undeniable truth. The principle has there been established, that

*the people will henceforth choose their own sovereign*; and when the fitting time shall arrive, it will be but a short step in advance of this determination, to change the form of their government into that of a republic. Such is, even now, the wish of the majority of the French people. From obvious motives of temporary expediency, they have postponed that design for the present. They choose to endure for a time the name and pageant of a monarch, (with privileges circumscribed most materially,) in order to lessen the risks of civil commotion and foreign invasion. They have no affection for divine or hereditary right, and care as little for the Duke of Bordeaux as for the young Napoleon. In choosing the Duke of Orleans as their sovereign, the Chamber of Deputies have acted with prudence and wisdom. He appears to be a man of respectable capacity, at least, extensive experience, and decidedly patriotic principles. In all these particulars he is the superior of the boy Napoleon—a foreigner in fact, who knows nothing of France, and who has been more than two-thirds of his life under Austrian tutelage.

It is amusing enough to hear a man talk of the virtue and moderation of Napoleon Bonaparte, and extol him as a patriot sovereign.—The character of that individual cannot be mistaken. Inordinate and rapacious ambition was his ruling passion; and for its gratification he was willing to sacrifice every principle of honor and honesty. His love for France was exemplified in draining her of her blood and treasure in the prosecution of ceaseless warfare—entered into for his own personal aggrandizement, and that of his needy relatives. He destroyed the republic, and never made a single effort to rear it up. He aped the manners and adopted the odious principles of the "legitimates" of Europe; and erected as stern a despotism as ever yet stifled the energies of a nation. Raised from obscurity by the people, he abandoned them in their need, and waged an interminable war with Freedom. Of course, necessity compelled him to do all these things! He was *compelled* (we are told) in self-defence, to rule with a rod of iron, and to spill the blood and expend the resources of the generous country which adopted him as its leader! Never yet did a tyrant want a pretext to justify his misdeeds: but it will require other apologies than any yet offered, either by Joseph Bonaparte or Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, to reconcile *Republicans*, to a panegyric on Napoleon Bonaparte.

But, says Joseph Bonaparte, Napoleon abdicated in favor of his son. This is true: and so did Charles X.; both potentates also bequeathed their progeny to the nation under circumstances very similar—Napoleon, after he had twice brought the multitudinous armies of Europe into the capital of France as conquerors; and Charles, when he abandoned the same city, a defeated and exiled despot. Both were *compelled* to resign their authority, and each was desirous, unable to retain the crown himself, to secure it for his son. Both were exclusively *selfish*: themselves and their families, not the people of France, were the objects of their tender solicitude; and the nation has appreciated both as their merits deserve.

How different is the character of the people from that of their oppressors! View the disinterestedness of the workmen of Paris, during the late unparalleled conflict in that city—the penniless sentinel guarding with incorruptible integrity the treasure which chance had thrown into his power; and the half-clothed and hungry warriors, after having prostrated the forces of despotism, retiring to their homes without having appropriated a loaf or a coin to their own benefit. Then let us contrast the noble

conduct of these high-minded plebeians, with that of their outcast tyrants—the Bonapartes, an Yturbe, a Dey of Algiers, a Charles of France. After inflicting upon their subjects as much evil as their tenure would permit, these personages must be munificently provided for, even although the coffers of their much-abused country be exhausted by the requisition. The people may pine in want and misery, while their oppressors are furnished from the public treasury with the means of the most luxurious splendor.

Yet we find that some of these people are not content with the lenient treatment allotted them, and cannot enjoy in quiet their unearned opulence. It would seem that the occupancy of a throne for never so short a period, engenders all those silly notions of hereditary right which we might suppose to be peculiar to the long-descended line of Hapsburgh:—and a residence of seventeen years in a republican community has not been sufficient, in the instance before us, to eradicate such visionary ideas.

We should not allow ourselves to sympathise with tyrants or their offspring, so far as to overlook considerations of higher importance. Because that most detestable band of faithless monarchs, held up and invigorated by the heartless oligarchy of England, thought proper to treat with unnecessary severity the discomfited Napoleon, we should not on that account be led to overlook the true character of the Bonaparte family. All its members were the subservient tools of their brother's ambition—like him, they leagued against Freedom, and defrauded the people of their liberties. Amongst many other iniquitous transactions, we well remember the forcible dethronement of the rulers of Spain, and the unauthorized assumption of the crown by this same Joseph Bonaparte.—The American press has (perhaps from courtesy) been silent upon this subject. But it is indelibly inscribed upon the record of history, and will for ever be a stain upon the escutcheon of the Bonapartes. It therefore behoves them and their apologists, not to volunteer a panegyric upon the deceased contriver of that unrighteous plot, nor to call the attention of a free people to the regal pretensions of any of his kindred.

That the number of the dead must forever exceed the number of the living, is a trite remark, but nevertheless a true one. It is stated that the number of persons buried in Trinity church yard, New York, since 1702, exceeds *one hundred and sixty thousand*! What a reflection for the living! The certainty of death strikes the mind with singular force when such a statement meets the eye, and is succeeded by the idea that at every one of these funerals there were sincere mourners, who felt as if their own peace and happiness were buried in the grave of their father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife, relative or friend. The grave closed upon one hundred and sixty thousand, and that in one church yard, each of whom probably left many mourners; they all returned to the world, acted their parts, or are now acting them, and have been, or will be, followed in turn to the same or a similar resting place! How uncertain is life—death how inevitable.

*Bet for one thousand dollars.*—An English pedestrian commenced the task of walking 1000 miles in 15 days, at the Labrynth Garden in this city, on Thursday last. He is to perform the journey in 18 successive days, Sundays excepted. We are glad to see this species of English sporting introduced in this country—it is a noble and manly exercise.



**ANECDOTES OF THE BLIND.**—It is known to many of our citizens that a large sum left by a Mr. Wills of this city, for the establishment of an asylum for the Blind, has never, owing to some lawsuits, been disposed of according to the wish of the testator. We understand, however, that strong hopes are entertained that it will yet be recovered, and serve to raise up another institution which will add renown to the city of Philadelphia, already so conspicuous for her charities. We were particularly struck with the remark of a visitor to the Liverpool Asylum for the Blind, when, speaking of having paid the inmates a visit in the evening, he found them all busily employed at work, in total darkness, except what emanated from a small lamp the hand of his conductor! This makes a night exhibition very striking to a stranger; but the whole arrangements for the instruction of the blind are calculated to take a strong hold of the mind, and it has been a subject to which too little attention has been paid by us in America.

Every one of our readers can probably recall some interesting instance of an intelligent blind person of his acquaintance. Mademoiselle Salignac, of Paris, is said to exhibit the most surprising instance of intelligence in a person blind from her birth, that ever existed. We abridge to day from her authentic history, that part which we deem of peculiar interest. She had an unusual fund of good sense, the utmost mildness and sweetness of disposition, an uncommon penetration in her ideas, and great simplicity of character. She had no wish to see, and one day when asked the reason of this she answered, "I should then have only my own eyes, and now I enjoy the eyes of every body. Nobody knows whether the tower they see afar off be round or square. I brave the clouds of dust, while those around me shut their eyes, and are miserable—sometimes they even suffer a whole day for not having shut them soon enough. An almost imperceptible atom is sufficient to torment them cruelly." At the approach of night she used to say, "that our reign was at an end, and her's was just beginning." Lying awake, which is so tormenting to us, was scarcely felt by her, and it was in the silence of night that music, of which she was very fond, was most delicious.

In her dress, in her linen, in her person, there reigned a neatness, which was so much the more extraordinary, as not seeing herself, she could never be sure that she had done all that was requisite to avoid disgusting people with the opposite quality. If they were pouring out drink for her, she knew by the noise of the liquor in falling, when the glass was full enough. She took her food with surprising circumspection and address. Sometimes, as a joke, she would place herself before a glass to dress, imitating all the manners of a coquette who is arming for conquest. This mimicry was most exact, and most truly laughable.

From her earliest youth it has been the study of all about her to improve her in other senses to the utmost possible degree, and it is wonderful how much they had succeeded. By feeling, she could distinguish peculiarities about the person of any one which might easily be overlooked by those who had the best eyes. Her hearing and smell were exquisite; she judged by the impression of the air the state of the atmosphere, whether it was cloudy or serene, and whether she was in an open place or street; also whether she was in the open air or a room, and if in a room, whether it was large or small. She could calculate the size of a circumscribed space by the sound which her feet produced, or by that of her voice. When she had once gone over a house, the topography remained perfect in her

head, to such a degree that she could warn others of any little danger they were likely to incur. "Take care, the door is too low—do not forget that there is a step." She observed a variety in voices of which we have no idea, and when once she heard a person speak, she always knew the voice again.

She was little sensible of the charms of youth, or shocked at the wrinkles of old age. She said that she regarded nothing but the qualities of the heart and mind. One advantage which she always enumerated in being deprived of sight, particularly for a woman, was that she was in no danger of having her head turned by a handsome man! She was exceedingly disposed to confide in others; it would have been no less easy than base to deceive her. It was an inexcusable cruelty to make her believe that she was alone in a room. She was not subject to any kind of panic terrors; seldom did she feel ennui; solitude had taught her to be everything to herself. She spoke little and listened much. "I am like the birds," she said, "I learn to sing in darkness." She had been taught to read by means of letters cut out; she had an agreeable voice, and sung with taste; she could willingly have passed most of her time at the concert or the opera. She danced delightfully, and had learned to play on the violin; from this latter talent she derived a great source of amusement to herself, in drawing about her the young people of her own age, to teach them the dances that were most in fashion. She wrote with a pin, with which she pricked a sheet of paper stretched upon a frame. The same mode of writing served in answer; she read it by passing her fingers over the inequalities made by the pin on the reverse of the paper. She could read a book printed only on one side—a bookseller printed some in this manner for her use. She had the patience to copy with her needle, the abridged history of France by Henault.

The following fact appears difficult to be believed, though attested by every one of her family, and twenty others beside. In a piece of twelve or fifteen lines, if the first letter of every word was given her, with the number of letters in each, she would find out every word, how oddly soever the composition was put together. She sometimes hit upon an expression much happier than that used by the poet.

She would thread the smallest needle with the greatest dexterity, placing the thread or silk on the index finger of her left hand, and drawing it to a very fine point, which she passed through the eye of the needle, holding it perpendicularly. There was no sort of needle work which she could not execute; she made purses and bags, plain or with fine open work, in different patterns, and with a variety of colors; garters, bracelets, collars for the neck, with very small glass beads sewn upon them in alphabetical characters! No doubt she would have been an excellent compositor for the press.

She played perfectly well at cards, assorting them herself, and distinguishing each by some little mark she had formed to herself, and which she knew by the touch, though they were not perceptible either to the sight or touch of any other person. The only attention required from the rest of the party was to name the cards as they played them.

In addition to all this, she was a good mathematician, understood the properties of the mirror, of various colors, &c. &c.

We have embodied in the above brief abstract, the most remarkable things which related to this wonderful being—enough, we hope, to shew the propriety of teaching the blind, since they are capable of learning everything

that those who possess the advantage of sight can acquire. The blind have been taught the watch-making business; and in the town of Amiens there is a blind stone cutter, who superintends a large number of workmen, with as much intelligence as if he enjoyed his sight. We have not space to day to pursue the subject, but it is one in which we have always felt the liveliest interest, and we shall recur to it again when we have opportunity and time.

**THE BLIND.**—In another part of this paper will be found some interesting anecdotes of the blind. Since that account was put in type, we have read with much pleasure an article in a late number of the North American Review on the same subject. To those who have ever known an intelligent blind person, we make no apology for occupying a short space with an abridgment of part of the review, and to those who have never been in company with a person deprived of sight, the subject, when understood, will be found full of interest. Though blindness is much less common since the ravages of small-pox have been lessened, the number of these unfortunates in our country is by no means small. In Massachusetts, from accurate information, the number of blind to the whole population is one to every thousand; a number which, as the blind are usually retired from public observation, far exceeds what might be conceived on a cursory inspection.

In Europe, books have been printed on purpose for the blind. The letter is impressed on one side of the paper, and is read by the finger with great facility. At the Paris institution they are taught geography, history, the Greek and Latin, together with the French, Italian, and English languages; arithmetic and the higher branches of mathematics; music, and some of the most useful mechanic arts. In mathematics and music they all make rapid progress. They are especially instructed on the organ, which from its frequency in the churches, affords one of the most obvious means of obtaining a livelihood. Mutual instruction seems admirably adapted to their wants—one female teacher and two male can thus govern and direct eighty scholars. In Liverpool, and at the institution in Scotland, the blind are instructed in numerous branches of the mechanic arts—they print all the books for their own use. They are taught also to spin, and to knit—they make elegant purses delicately embroidered with figures of animals and flowers, whose various tints are selected with perfect propriety. They are employed also in manufacturing girths, in netting in all its branches, in making shoes of list, plush, cloth, colored skin, &c. and rag carpets, of which a vast number is annually disposed of. Weaving is particularly adapted to the blind, who perform every part of it except setting up the warp. They manufacture whips, straw bottoms for chairs, coarse straw hats, rope, cords, pack-thread, baskets, mats and other saleable articles. In Scotland, indeed, we even find enumerated cotton and linen cloths, ticked and striped holland, towelling and diapers; hair cloth, hair mats and hair ropes, rope and twines of all kinds, bee-hives, feather beds, bolsters and pillows, &c. &c. The labors of the girls also consist of sewing, knitting stockings, spinning, and other various works usually executed by well-educated females.

An institution in this city would probably almost maintain itself by the labor of the inmates, and if a fee were exacted from visitors, who would be very numerous, there can be little doubt that after it was once established, it would require little pecuniary aid.

**ANOTHER DUEL.**—Doctor Bassett has fallen in a duel with Lieutenant Sands, in South Amer-

ica. The parties both belonged to the U. S. ship Vandalia. We have heard no particulars, further than that a dispute which occurred between the parties was followed by a challenge from Doctor Bassett. Lieutenant Sands declined it, being at that time on duty; but Dr. B. taking advantage of a moment when both were on shore, and not on duty, repeated the challenge, which Lieut. Sands accepted, and they fought on the instant. The challenger was killed.

The advocates or defenders of this infamous mode of settling private quarrels, may be taught a salutary lesson in the appalling spectacle now presented in England, of two wretches who each murdered a fellow creature in a duel.—They are wandering over the country, mere vagabonds—cast off by their friends, and pursued by the everlasting visitations of a horror-stricken conscience. A late paper states that one of them, Lieut. Lambrecht, late of the Ceylon Regiment, who was recently tried and acquitted at the Kensington Assizes, for having killed Mr. Oliver Clayton, in a duel, at Battersea-fields, went at midnight to the Police Station, and addressing the inspector, declared that he was completely destitute, having neither house nor home of any kind, and without the means of procuring the common necessities of life. He stated that since his acquittal, all his former friends had turned their backs upon him, and that, for want of means, he had been compelled to wander about the town day and night, not knowing whither to go or what to do; he then implored the inspector to let him lie down and rest himself, adding that he was so exhausted from fatigue and want, that even the accommodation which he sought would be an indulgence for which he should be most grateful. It is worthy of remark, observes the New York Herald, that in both these cases the wretched perpetrators were urged on to the deadly conflict by their seconds, who, safe in their own persons, sat in judgment as the arbiters of false honor, and at whose doors, as well as at their deluded victims, lies the stain of blood.

**EMIGRATION.**—The British ship Huskisson which arrived at this port on the 16th inst. from Bristol, Eng. brought out a cargo of 500 tons of iron, and forty passengers in the steerage. Of these, eighteen were children, some of whom were scarcely four months old, and who (as the vessel had a passage of eight weeks) had spent one half of their short lives upon the ocean.—During a very boisterous voyage, in which they encountered several heavy gales, attended all the while with rough weather, not one of these eighteen children was affected with sea-sickness, though the adult passengers were all taken down with it. The little innocents arrived here in as good health and condition as if they had been fattening on the good things of the land, instead of being confined to the ill fare and close quarters of a dirty steerage.

Most of these emigrants have come out to join their friends, who have been some time in the country. Women with families of three and four small children, came over the water at the bidding of their husbands, who have found a residence in America profitable and agreeable. Several of the men were miners from the great English collieries, who, attracted by the fame of coal beds in the bowels of the earth on the Schuylkill, have come out to pick up some gleanings of the harvest at Pottsville.

A vessel which left here on the 15th, took out forty emigrants, homeward bound for old England, who had become satisfied, after a three months' residence among us, that America was no place to live in. One of them, the mother of a family of eight children, told us that she



had heard in England, that dollars were to be picked up here like pebbles on the sea shore, and that other tales of equal extravagance, were circulated and believed in many parts of England. How great must be the disappointment of such people on arriving in America, and how keen their mortification to find that in order to live, they must actually work! But this shipload was but a small rill returning back to the source from whence proceeds the unceasing torrent of emigration—a torrent which will continue to gather strength, so long as the day of cheap lands and high wages shall last. The price of a passage in the *Huskisson*, for a woman and three children, (they finding their stores and bedding) was twenty-five dollars!

**MORE ANIMALS.**—In the ship *Georgian*, arrived at this port from Calcutta, have come passengers a fine large Elephant, a Leopard, and another Rhinoceros. The Elephant is a very docile, playful fellow, and by no means an unpleasant companion on the voyage, though he sometimes plagued the sailors by untying their ropes and letting loose a sail at the wrong time. He was first put in a pen on deck, made of spars lashed together, but it was found impossible to keep him in bounds, as he untied the cords in a twinkling. He was afterwards nailed up within certain limits, but every rope and sail, which came within grasp of his trunk, was sure to receive an *overhauling*. A native Malay has come over with him, and appears to have him under complete control. It was an awkward affair to get him out of the ship, and attracted a great crowd. Being swung by ropes passed under and around his body, he was raised off his feet, and owing to the proper precautions not having been taken, as soon as he was raised he struck the side of the vessel violently, at which he expressed great dissatisfaction. His keeper sat on his neck during the whole operation, and seemed as much at his ease as if seated on a sofa. On reaching the wharf, he was driven to a Camden Steam Boat in waiting, but on coming to the floating bridge to which it was fastened, he put his trunk under it, and finding it hollow, declined trusting his huge carcass on so insecure a foundation, and the attempt to get him on board was finally given up. The Malay guides him with an iron hook and spear, with which he sometimes gives him note of disapprobation of his frolics. This fine animal was brought over by contract—he cost six hundred dollars, and sold for five thousand! He will probably be exhibited throughout the Union. The Rhinoceros is said to be more tractable, though older than the one lately exhibited here, and the Leopard is a very beautiful animal. Thus, between Siamese double boys, Rhinoceroses, Elephants, Ostriches, Orang Outangs, and other shows, we are constantly in a state of parting with our money—"beasts and beastnesses from Bengal," as the old song has it, are in great request, and "pay a big price."

**THEATRICAL.**—Three theatres have been calling loudly, by their attractions during the last week, upon the pockets of our citizens. Novelty after novelty is produced, till one can hardly sit quietly at home of an evening. A great art in theatricals is to advertise well—whoever will take the trouble to pull these daily announcements to pieces, will arrive at some curious results. Mr. Booth has given great satisfaction at Arch Street, where he has personated the regular routine of tragedy, and Mr. Finn in comedy, has won "lots of laughter." As the grand favourite of the Bostonians, much was expected of him, and we are told he has not disappointed his most sanguine friends. A press of engagements has prevented our devot-

ing much attention to theatricals since our last, and we have been so unfashionable as not even to have seen Miss KELLY, who is drawing crowded houses at Mr. Wood's Chesnut Street house. We are told there is much good acting there—but would it not be wise in Miss Kelly to study some new parts—we cannot be expected, year after year, to pay for seeing Beatrice personated. It is really "much ado about nothing," to live by so few words as she has to learn.

**EDITORS.**—Some one of the fraternity of Editors has issued the annexed good advice in a very clever, facetious paragraph:—"Editors should seldom speak directly to their readers. We are so much engaged in culling for various tastes—in preparing our various dishes of news, fashions, and theatricals—in peppering this article—putting a little mace or cinnamon into another—and dashing over the whole a few grains of Editorial refined sugar, that we seldom have time to take off our hats—step forward in *propria persona*, and hold a conversation with any class of our beloved public. But when we do so, we ought to do it pleasantly—we should be as brief, as pithy, as pertinent as possible. We should put the warmest smile on the cheek—the most hearty welcome in the hand, and treat them as a patient, forgiving kind public, who endure all our sins of omission, commission and betweenity."

#### FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS

REWARD FOR A WIFE!!

A gentleman—we have no reason to doubt his being such—has called at our office to say that he will pay a premium of five hundred dollars to any individual who will procure him the hand of an agreeable partner for life. He is less than thirty-five, the lady must not exceed that, but may be as much below it as she pleases. She must possess a cultivated mind, but not so literary as to pass for a *blue*. Her countenance is not required to be beautiful, further than a mild, amiable, and in a single word, a *good* disposition makes it so. Though he has a fair prospect of being able to support a wife as he wishes his wife to be supported, it is absolutely necessary that the lady should possess a fortune sufficiently ample for her own safety in case of any unforeseen emergency, to be secured to herself, entirely and absolutely, beyond the control of her husband.

Such a lady may expect to find in the person of the advertiser, quiet, domestic, and literary habits, a heart capable of sincere, ardent, and lasting attachment—a disposition naturally affectionate, and in short a friend capable of appreciating the value of an amiable woman, and zealously devoted to the promotion of her happiness, which should constitute the one grand object of his existence.

These observations the aforesaid gentleman has directed to us; and after depositing the usual fee for advertising, quietly took his leave with the repeated assurance that he is entirely and perfectly sincere in all that he now communicates to the public. He is a stranger to us, but has the manners and dress of a gentleman; and we certainly have no reason to question his sincerity.

He desires that communications may be addressed, post paid, for "THE SINGLE GENTLEMAN," to our care.

The appellation now given to Charles the Tenth may be considered very appropriate; his loyal courtiers have only to change the position of the X and give him his former title. He was formerly King Charles X—he is now x-King Charles.

#### LITERARY.

**TALES AND SKETCHES, BY A COSMOPOLITE.**—A volume under this title, which was mentioned as forthcoming in the summer, has lately made its appearance, and we have perused a part of its contents with unqualified pleasure. As evidence of great observation of the human heart, of the possession of pathetic and passionate sentiments, and a practised eye on the part of the author for the subtle beauties of nature, we think they will furnish a basis for no unenviable reputation. Scotland, the land of the minstrel's lay, and the novelist's vision, is the principal field for the genius of our author. He has only however, travelled back in his recollections to the clime of his nativity; having, as we learn, been educated in the University of Glasgow, and being consequently familiar with the whole region around it—a region sanctified by the influence of deathless inspiration, and made holy by the olden outpourings of high and gifted souls. The writer of the *Sketches* is JAMES LAWSON, Esq. one of the Editors of the New York Courier—who has by an industry almost Herculean, found time to manufacture an instructive and entertaining book, besides attending to the most severe associate Editorial department of a laborious diurnal sheet. We shall at our leisure, give sundry extracts from the volume; and regret now that we cannot speak the good opinions more fully which we entertain of Mr. Lawson's genius. There is among the contents, one fragment of a dramatic effort which is immeasurably superior to half the ponderous fustian and mawkish twaddle, which are now-a-days forced into the public ear. It is harmonious in its measure, and rich in good tropes and expressions. The shorter articles of poetry, of which there are one or two, we did not equally admire. They bear the crude impress of haste, which the author himself mentions. Altogether we hail the little indigenous tome, as better than half the novels reprinted from the English press; always excepting, as in literary duty bound, the schools of Scott, Bulwer and Godwin.

**THE ATLANTIC SOUVENIR**, in all its glittering beauty, has been laid upon our table within the week, and after the lavish praises heaped upon it by our contemporaries, we can find no new terms in which to express our admiration of its splendid appearance. The portrait of the Marchioness of Carmarthen is exquisitely done, and in point of finish, will be pronounced the finest of the whole thirteen contained in the volume. The Fisherman's Return is also a beautiful plate—the Minstrel too, and in fact there is not one indifferent engraving among them. Of the literary portion of the *Souvenir* we have looked into a few articles only. There is a clever tale by Mr. Stone, of the Commercial Advertiser, and another from the pen of Miss Sedgwick.—The prose is by far the better portion of the volume, though some of the poems are quite excellent. The Minstrel, by Barker, is a pleasant, lively affair, and Beresina, by Thomas Fisher, reminds us of the sterling poetry and genuine inspiration for Halleck. On the whole, the *Souvenir* of 1831 is decidedly superior to that of last year, while the public approbation has been extended so liberally as to increase the edition this year by several thousand copies.

Messrs. Carey & Lea have also just issued the fourth volume of the *Encyclopedia Americana*—a work in whose praise we have frequently spoken. On looking over its voluminous contents, we find a mass of information which no American should be without, most of it being absolutely indispensable to every man who pretends to ordinary information. The

article on *Cravats* is replete with curious historical facts, and the biography of *Decatur* will find readers whom it will please, even if looked over once or twice a year. We shall take occasion to select some articles for publication.

The *SKETCHES OF CHINA*, just published by Mess. Carey, is a valuable contribution to the fund of information relative to foreign countries. Our neighbor of the U. S. Gazette speaks of it in this language—"We have read Mr. Wood's 'Sketches of China,' and are pleased with the work. The author has avoided a display of historical knowledge, referring the lovers of such dry reading to the Times of the Missionaries, and the more recent production of British Ambassadors. The 'Sketches' contain answers to just such queries as almost every person would be likely to put to a friend returning from a few years' residence on the borders of the 'Celestial Empire;' and the modesty of the author has left it to the reader to discover, which he may easily do, that he could say more, if he was disposed to play the traveller. We hope the reception of the present 'Sketches' will be of a kind to send the author anew to his 'note book,' to instruct and amuse desultory readers. We might, in that case, mention a slight error for correction—that of an occasional repetition."

The London Times states, that the second volume of Moore's *Life and Correspondence of Byron* is nearly ready for the press, and will be published by Christmas.

Mr. Summer L. Fairfield, the poet, who resided some time ago at Newtown, Bucks County, has entered into orders. An eastern paper says "he is engaged upon a poem concerning the destruction of Pompeii by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius—which took place some time since.—The work is to appear next spring."

Mr. Ackerman has in the press a new Annual for 1831, entitled the *Humorist*, from the pen of W. H. Harrison, author of *Tales of a Physician*, illustrated by fifty wood engravings, from drawings by the late Mr. Rowlandson, besides numerous tale-pieces.

Montgomery of Sheffield, who is now in London superintending Westly and Davis's forthcoming publication, *A Voyage round the World*, has been delivering a course of lectures, four in number, on the history of literature.

Southy, Coleridge, the late Sir H. Dary, Cottle, and Charles Lamb, were all, it is said, acquainted in their youth, and were accustomed to communicate their poetical effusions to each other previous to publication.

Mr. Burchell, the well known African traveller, has returned to England, after an absence of nearly six years, employed in exploring the inland provinces of Brazil. His zoological and botanical collections are said to be immense.

Mr. Carne is employed in writing a work of fiction, the scene of which is laid in the East, and to be entitled the *Last Nights of Palestine*—a glorious subject and in good hands.

The literary world is busied in chatting over a quiz—for it must be considered nothing else—upon Campbell, who has published a letter in the Times, asserting in good set terms that he is the author of the *Exile of Erin* which the sly go (Sligo) Observer declares was the actual composition of one Mr. George Nugent Reynolds!

Messrs. Finden, the engravers, are making rapid progress with their landscape illustrations to Lord Byron's life, and works, which promises to be one of the most interesting publications.



## THE TRAVELLER.

## EXTRACT FROM DR. MADDEN'S TRAVELS.

In the very learned "Commentary on the Bible," by Dr. Adam Clarke, I have noticed, with regret, some puerile criticisms, unworthy of his erudition, on the serpent of Paradise. He endeavours to get rid of what some deem a difficulty in the description; for instance, its talking to Eve, and walking before the curse was pronounced, without having at present the organs, or any remains of either speech or locomotion. Dr. Clarke very learnedly and piously attempts to prove that it was not a serpent, but a baboon, which tempted our first mother; and his argument is, that the baboon has the organ of speech, albeit long disused: moreover, that the serpent has no legs with which he could ever have walked, and the baboon has. The last argument is, that the serpent is not a *cunning* creature; and the Hebrew word, *Wacash*, signifies not only a serpent, but a baboon.

Most travellers have remarked, in Eastern countries, the natural eloquence of the uncivilized inhabitants; but in no nation is the love of eloquence carried so far as in Egypt and Arabia. I have listened with delight to the declaration of their Shieks, when the people assembled around them in the evening to hear the politics of the village, or the eternal stories of "*el le Wahad*," the thousand and one nights of Arabian entertainment. Their common language is half prose, half poetry: Phillips might attend their soirees to cull fresh flowers of oratory, and Moore take a corner of their mat to collect new images of poetry.

We arrived at Philæ, after a fatiguing walk, in the heat of noon-day. The beauty of the scenery around this enchanting isle compensated us for our toil from Alexandria to the cataract; it was, indeed, the only spot in all our travels whose scenery deserved to be called really sublime. The granite rocks, in a thousand majestic forms, rise from the Nile at its western extremity, and are beautifully contrasted with the picturesque effects of the stately palm trees and magnificent structures of Philæ: indeed, the whole island seems to be a delightful garden, studded with obelisks and temples.

Generally speaking, the Arabs are the kindest hearted people in the word: no people are more sensible of good treatment, more susceptible of improvement, and, unfortunately, no people on earth are more infamously ruled.

Signor Surur, the Consul, is the private friend and Counsellor of the Governor, who is married to a niece of the Pacha. With this great Turk I am in the habit of dining almost daily, either at his house or at Surur's. At the latter's, a party of seventy Turks sat down to the most magnificent banquet I ever witnessed in the East. One hundred and thirty dishes of various sorts—fish, flesh, soups, sweets, fruits, &c. were set down and removed in succession. The head of the religion, and several priests were present, which Surur considered as no small honor to a Christian.

The celebrated German physician, Hufeland, in one of his latest publications, says, "of the diseases which are not generally considered mortal, I am now fully convinced, after thirty years practice, that of all the patients whom I treated, two-thirds would have recovered without my assistance or that of medicine, and even under the most opposite modes of treatment."

I may take this opportunity of saying, that there is no truth in the statement that the plague is not to be found beyond Cairo. I traced it eight hundred miles beyond that city; I found it had been at Girge five years ago; at Theber, nine years ago; at Assoun, nine years ago; but beyond Philæ, I heard nothing of it. On the verge of the desert, the Bedouins suffer from it, but in the interior of the wilderness, they never having had it.

## POETRY.

The following, from "Moore's Fables of the Holy Alliance," seems not inapplicable to late movements in France.—

## THE EXTINGUISHERS.

Though soldiers are the true supports,  
The natural allies of Courts,  
Woe to the monarch, who depends  
Too much on his red-coated friends;  
For even soldiers sometimes think—  
Nay, Colonels have been known to reason—  
And reasoners, whether clad in pink,  
Or red, or blue, are on the brink  
(Nine cases out of ten) of treason.

Not many soldiers, I believe, are  
As fond of liberty as Mina;  
Else—wo to Kings, when Freedom's fever  
Once turns into a Scarletina!  
For then—but hold—"tis best to veil  
My meaning in the following tale.

A Lord of Persia, rich and great,  
Just come into a large estate,  
Was shock'd to find he had for neighbors,  
Close to his gate, some rascal Ghebers,  
Whose fires, beneath his very nose,  
In heretic combustion rose.  
But Lords of Persia can, no doubt,  
Do what they will—so, one fine morning,  
He turn'd the rascal Ghebers out,  
First giving a few kicks for warning.  
Then, thanking heaven most piously,  
He knock'd their Temple to the ground,  
Blessing himself for joy to see  
Such Pagan ruins strew'd around.

But much it vex'd my Lord to find,  
That, while all else obeyed his will,  
The fire these Ghebers left behind,  
Do what he would, kept burning still.  
Fiercely he storm'd as if his frown  
Could scare the bright insurgent down;  
But no—such fires are head-strong things,  
And care not much for Lords or Kings.  
Scarce could his Lordship well contrive  
The flashes in one place to smother,  
Before—hey, presto—all alive,  
They sprung up freshly in another.

At length when, spite of prayers and dams,  
'Twas found the sturdy flame defied him,  
His stewards came with low salams,  
Offering, by contract to provide him  
Some large Extinguishers. (a plan,  
Much us'd, they said, at Ispahan,  
Vienna, Petersburg—in short,  
Wherever Light's forbid at court)  
Machines no Lord should be without,  
Which would, at once, put promptly out  
Fires of all kinds—from staring, stark  
Volcanoes to the tiniest spark—  
Till all things slept as dull and dark,  
As in a great Lord's neighborhood,  
'Twas right and fitting all things should.

Accordingly, some large supplies  
Of these Extinguishers were furnish'd,  
(All of the true Imperial size)  
And there, in rows, stood black and burnish'd,  
Ready, when'er a gleam but shone,  
Of light or fire, to be clapped on.

But, ah! how lordly wisdom errs,  
In trusting to extinguishers!  
One day, when he had left all sure,  
(At least believed so) dark, secure—  
The flame, at all its exits, entries,  
Obstructed to his heart's content,  
And black extinguishers, like sentries,  
Placed upon every dangerous vent—  
Ye Gods, imagine his amaze,  
His wrath, his rage, when on returning,  
He found not only the old blaze,  
Brisk as before, crackling and burning—  
Not only new, young conflagrations,  
Popping up round in various stations—  
But still more awful, strange and dire,  
The extinguishers themselves on fire!!

They, they—those trusty, blind machines  
His Lordship had so long been praising,  
As, under Providence, the means  
Of keeping down all lawless blazing,  
Were now, themselves—alas, too true  
The shameful fact—turned blazers too.  
And, by a change as odd as cruel,  
Instead of dampers, served for fuel!

Thus, of his only hope bereft,  
What, said the great man, must be done?  
All that, in scrapes like this, is left  
To great men is—to cut and run.  
So run he did: white to their grounds,  
'The banish'd Ghebers best returned;  
And though their fire had broke its bounds,  
And all abroad now wildly burn'd.

Yet well could they, who led the flame,  
Its wand'ring, its excess reclaim,  
And soon another, fairer Dome  
Arose to be its sacred home,  
Where cherished, guarded, not confined,  
The living glory dwelt inscribed,  
And, shedding lustre strong, but even,  
Though born of earth, grew worthy heaven.

## MORAL.

The moral hence my muse infers,  
Is, that such Lords are simple elves,  
In trusting to Extinguishers,  
That are combustible themselves.

## THE SPECTRE WARRIORS.

In 1629, the garrison at Gloucester, Massachusetts, was alarmed by the appearance of several Indian warriors, some of whom advanced even to the walls of the garrison. They were repeatedly fired on at the distance of a few yards, by the best marksmen; and though the shot seemed always to take effect, and the strange Indians fell as if mortally wounded, they always passed off in the end unharmed. These invulnerable visitants continued for the space of three weeks to alarm and distress the garrison in this way.

Away to your arms, for the foe man is here—  
The yell of the red man is loud on the ear!  
On—on to the garrison—soldiers away—  
The moccasin's track shall be bloody to-day!

The fortress is reached—they have taken their stand  
With the war-knife in girdle, and rifle in hand—  
Their wives are behind them—the savage before—  
Will the puritan fall at his hearth-stone and door?

Here! look! they are coming!—not cautious and slow,  
In the serpent-like mood of the blood seeking foe—  
Nor stealing in shadow nor hiding in grass,  
But tall, and uprightly, and sternly they pass.

"Be ready!"—the watchword has passed on the wall,  
The maidens have shrunk to the innermost hall—  
Their rifles are levelled—each head is bowed low—  
Each eye fixes steady—God pity the foe!

They close are at hand—ha! the red flash is broke  
From the garrisoned wall through a curtain of smoke:  
There's a yell from the dying, that aiming was true;  
The red man no more shall his hunting pursue!

Look!—look to the earth, as the smoke rolls away,  
Do the dying and dead on the green herbage lay!  
What mean these wild glances?—no slaughter is there;  
The red man is gone like the mist on the air!

Unharm'd, as the bodiless air, he is gone,  
From the war knife's keen edge and the rangers' long  
And the partisan warrior has turned him away, [gun]  
From the weapons of war—and he's kneeling to pray!

He fears that the Evil and Dark One is near,  
On an errand of wrath with his phantoms of fear,  
And he knows that the aim of his rifle is vain—  
That the spectre of Evil may never be slain!

He knows that the Pawwah has cunning and skill,  
To call up the Spirit of Darkness at will—  
To waken the dead in the wilderness graves,  
And summon the Demons of forest and waves.

As he layeth the weapons of battle aside,  
And forgetteth the strength of his natural pride,  
And he kneels with the priest by his garrison'd door,  
That the Spirits of Evil may haunt him no more.

## THE DEAD.

Peace to the silent dead!  
Peace to your voiceless sleep—pale race of men!  
Gathered from sea and land, from hill and glen,  
To fill the same cold bed.

A countless throng are ye!  
Men of the ancient time, peasant and king,  
Whose fiery passions made the earth to ring—  
Whose din shook land and sea.

Peace to your quiet sleep!  
Your arms of terror are o'erspread with rust,  
Your giant frames are mingling with the dust—  
Your rest is long and deep.

Peace to the dead of Rome!  
Empress of heathen time—thy pomp, hath fled  
As the gray mist around the mountain head,  
When thy warm light doth come.

Kings, that did scourge your lands,  
And ye, whose glory ne'er hath had a stain,  
There's but one voice can call ye up again—  
Sleep till that voice commands.

Who doth not bless the dead?  
Is there a heart throbs not at the name  
Of some long perish'd friend, whose deathless  
fame  
In his own breast is treasured.

Ask of the feeble one  
That falters by thy path—the aged man,  
Whose head bowed down to earth, and forehead wan,  
If he doth weep for none!

Oh! in the toil of life,  
When hard beset with grief, we love to turn  
And think of those who'll ne'er again return—  
The brother, son, or wife.

How solemn is the grave!  
Oh! there's a warning in the death-quenched  
eye,  
And pale, pale lip—they tell us we must die,  
The fair, the good, the brave.

## AN OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,  
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

## RETIREMENT.

The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,  
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,  
Where, all his long anxieties forgot,  
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,  
Or recollected only to gild o'er,  
And add a smile to what was sweet before;  
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,  
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,  
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,  
And having liv'd a trifle, die a man.—*Couper.*

## CONTENT.

The fountain of content must spring up in  
he mind; and he who has so little knowledge  
of human nature as to seek happiness by chang-  
ing any thing but his own disposition, will waste  
his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the  
griefs which he purposes to remove.—*Johnson.*

## PHYSIC.

By chase our long-lived fathers earn'd their  
food:  
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;  
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,  
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten,  
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise for care on exercise depend:  
God never made his work for man to mend.  
*Dryden.*

Zeno, the philosopher, believed in an inevita-  
ble destiny. His servant availed himself of this  
doctrine, one day, while being beaten for a  
theft, by exclaiming—"Was I not destined to  
rob?" "Yes," replied Zeno, "and to be cor-  
rected also."

Avoid the politic, the factious fool,  
The busy, buzzing, talking, harden'd knave;  
The quaint smooth rogue, that sins against his  
reason,

Calls saucy, loud sedition public zeal,  
And mutiny the dictates of his spirit.—*Otway.*

—The truth is, like your coat of arms,  
Richest when plainest. I do fear the world  
Hath tir'd you, and you seek a cell to rest in,  
As birds that wing it o'er the sea, seek ships  
Till they get breath, and then they fly away.  
*Shirley.*

It is the glory and merit of some men to  
write well, and of others not to write at all.—  
*Byron.*

A washerwoman in the Rue St. Honore, while  
asleep, fell from the fourth story of a house into  
a coach, and received no injury.

Would I had trod the humble path: the shrub  
Securely grows, the tallest tree stands most  
In the wind; and thus we distinguish the  
Noble from the base: the noble find their  
Lives and death still troublesome;  
But humility doth sleep, whilst the storm  
Grows hoarse with scolding.  
*Sir W. Davenant.*

I caution all writers without genius, in one  
material point, which is, never to be afraid of  
having too much fire in their works. I should  
advise rather to take their warmest thoughts,  
and spread them abroad upon paper: for they  
are observed to cool before they are read.—*Pope.*

I see those who are lifted highest on  
The hill of Honor, are nearest to the  
Blasts of envious fortune; whilst the low  
And humble valley fortunes are far more secure.  
Humble valleys thrive with their bosoms full  
Of flow'rs, when hills melt with lightning, and  
The rough anger of the clouds. *Ford.*

AFFECTION.—I speak as I feel;—were the  
woman I loved suffering through poverty, I  
would beg with her, if I could not relieve her;  
through injustice, I would defend her; from  
unkindness, I would protect her; and if the  
world forsook her, I would be to her the world.

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